

(No. 1.)

54/13/13
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Esther.*)
CHORUS. Avert these omens. (*Semele.*)
SONG. What tho' I trace. (*Solomon.*)
RECIT. My arms.
SONG. Sound an alarm. } (*Judas Macc.*)
CHORUS. We hear. }
SONG. Verdi prati. (*Alcina.*)
CONCERTO 5th. Grand.
CHORUS. See the proud chief. (*Deborah.*)
SONG. Pious Orgies. } (*Judas Macc.*)
CHORUS. O Father, whose. }

Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE and CHORUS. (*Acis & Galatea*) *Handel.*
SONG. Cara sposa. (*Rhadamistus.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Lift up your heads. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*
MADRIGAL. Since first I saw. *Ford.*
CONCERTO 4th. *Martini.*
RECIT. It must be so.
SONG. Pour forth no more. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. No more to Ammon's. }
SONG. Ombre! Larve! (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*
CORONATION ANTHEM. Zadock the priest. *Handel.*

THE FINEST OF CHASSERFIELD

Comet of Ancient History

THE FINEST OF CHASSERFIELD



ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

AVERT these omens, all ye pow'rs!
Some god, averse, our holy rites controuls;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
And Jove himself descends in show'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

SONG. Master ELLIOT. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

What though I trace each herb and flow'r
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew!

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go—
The Idumean governor shall know,
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm!—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around,—
Who listeth, follow.—To the field again.—
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call; }
And follow thee to conquest—If to fall, }
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall. }

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCINA.) *Handel.*

Verdi prati, e selve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto,
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 5th. Grand. *Handel.*

CHORUS. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

See the proud chief advances now
With sullen march and gloomy brow.
Jacob, arise, assert thy God,
And scorn oppression's iron rod.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (JUDAS MACC.)

Handel.

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend; and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whose almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and seas adore !
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite ;
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

○ THE pleasures of the plains !
Happy nymphs, and happy swains,
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine ;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (RHADAMISTUS) *Handel.*

Cara sposa, amato bene
Prendi spene
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombra oh Dio, dal nobil core,
Il dolore; che'l vederti lagrimar,
Fà tremar lo spirto è'l pie.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The LORD, strong and mighty, the LORD mighty
in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

FULL-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT,
and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you ;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What ! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle ?
No, no, no, no ! my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

CONCERTO.

Martini.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JEPHTHAH) *Handel.*

It must be so: or these vile Ammonites
(Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years)
Will crush the race of Israel.——
Since heaven vouchsafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader, as before,
Ourselves must chuse; and who so fit a man
As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephthah?

True, we have slighted, scorn'd, expell'd him hence,
As of a stranger born; but well I know him;
His generous soul disdains a mean revenge,
When his distressful country calls his aid;
And, perhaps, Heaven may favour our request,
If with repentant hearts we sue for mercy.

SONG.

Pour forth no more unheeded prayers
To idols deaf and vain,
No more with vile unhallow'd airs
The sacred rites profane. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
In dismal dance around the furnace blue.
Chemosh no more
Will we adore
With timbrel'd anthems to Jehovah due.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte

Non vi chiedo, non voglio pietà

Se vi tolgo l'amato consorte

Abbandono una sposa fedel

Non mi lagno di questa mia sorte

Questo cambio non chiamo crudel

Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte

Non v'offenda sì giusta pietà.

Forza ignota che in petto mi sento

M'avvalora, mi sprona al cimento,

Di me stessa più grande mi fa.

Da Capo.

ANTHEM.

Handel.

Zadock the priest, and Nathan the prophet,
anointed Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced,
and said, God save the king — long live the king—
may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season:

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	—	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	—	13th	ditto.
—	6,	—	3d	of April.
—	7,	—	10th	ditto.
—	8,	—	17th	ditto.
—	9,	—	24th	ditto.
—	10,	—	1st	of May.
—	11,	—	8th	ditto.
—	12,	—	15th	ditto.

The students are respectfully informed that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this season:

Concert 1	Wednesday	18th of February
2	—	25th —
3	Friday	1st of March
4	Wednesday	8th —
5	—	15th —
6	—	22nd —
7	—	29th —
8	—	5th of April
9	—	12th —
10	—	19th —
11	—	26th —
12	—	3rd of May
13	—	10th —
14	—	17th —
15	—	24th —
16	—	31st —
17	—	7th of June
18	—	14th —
19	—	21st —
20	—	28th —
21	—	5th of July
22	—	12th —
23	—	19th —
24	—	26th —
25	—	2nd of August
26	—	9th —
27	—	16th —
28	—	23rd —
29	—	30th —
30	—	6th of September
31	—	13th —
32	—	20th —
33	—	27th —
34	—	4th of October
35	—	11th —
36	—	18th —
37	—	25th —
38	—	1st of November
39	—	8th —
40	—	15th —
41	—	22nd —
42	—	29th —
43	—	6th of December
44	—	13th —
45	—	20th —
46	—	27th —
47	—	3rd of January
48	—	10th —
49	—	17th —
50	—	24th —
51	—	31st —
52	—	7th of February

(No. 2.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1799.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*
Ye sons of Israel.

RECIT. 'Tis done, thus I exert. }
SONG. Heart, the seat. } (*Acis & Galatea*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Galatea, dry thy

DUET. Tu vuoi ch'io viva.

Vinci.

CONCERTO

Corelli.

SONG. Dove sei. (*Rodelinda.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Wretched Lovers. (*Acis & Galatea*) *Handel.*

SONG. Pleasure, my former. (*Time & Truth.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. For unto us a Child. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

CHORUS. Your harps and cymbals. } (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

RECIT. O worse than death. } (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Angels ever bright. } (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Fall'n is the foe. (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*

CONCERTO (*from his Solos.*) *Geminiani.*

CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis. *Pergolesi.*

RECIT. Folle è Colui. } (*Ætius.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Nasce al bosco. } (*Ætius.*) *Handel.*

TRIO & CHORUS. Disdainful of. (*Judas Mac.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Non vi turbate no. (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*

RECIT. 'Tis well! Six times. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*

MARCH. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Glory to God.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Fair of Uxbridge

Concert of Ancient Music

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1799.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS. { (Soprano) Handel.
Ye sons of Israel.
RECIT. The done, thus I exert.
SONG. Heart, the seat.
CHORUS. Galilee, thy joy.
DUET. Tu vuoi ch'io viva.
CONCERTO
SONG. Dove sei. { (Soprano) Handel.
CHORUS. Wretched Lover, { (Soprano) Handel.
SONG. Pleading, my former. { (Soprano) Handel.
CHORUS. For and as a Child. { (Soprano) Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE.
CHORUS. Your harps and cymbals. { (Soprano) Handel.
RECIT. O woe, than death. { (Soprano) Handel.
SONG. Angels ever bright. { (Soprano) Handel.
CHORUS. Fall in the sea. { (Soprano) Handel.
CONCERTO. { (Soprano) Handel.
CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis.
RECIT. Your's Colui. { (Soprano) Handel.
SONG. Nasci al bosco. { (Soprano) Handel.
TRIO & CHORUS. Dismissal of { (Soprano) Handel.
SONG. Now we return no. { (Soprano) Handel.
RECIT. The well, six times. { (Soprano) Handel.
MARCH.
CHORUS. Glory to God.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

(JOSHUA.)

Handel.

YE sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend;
In Gilgal and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one last, one great Jehovah's name.

RECIT. Master ELLIOTT.

(ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

'Tis done; thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

SONG.

Heart, the seat of soft delight;
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose
The bubbling fountain, lo, it flows;
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head;
Hail, thou gentle murm'ring stream.
Shepherd's pleasure, Muses' theme;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

DUET. Mr. NIELD and Mrs. HARRISON. *Vinci.*

Arbace. Tu vuoi ch'io viva ò cara!
Ma se mi nieghi amore,
Cara mi fai morir.

Mand. Oh Dio! che pena amara!
Ti basti il mio rossore,
Più non ti posso dir.

Arb. Sentimi

Mand. - - - no

Arb. - - - tu sei

Mand. Parti, parti dagl'occhi miei,

Arb. Cara

Mand. - - Lasciami per pietà

Due. Quando finisce oh Dei!
La vostra crudeltà?

Arb. Cara mi fai morir.

Mand. Più non ti posso dir,

Due. Quando finisce oh Dei!
La vostra crudeltà?

Se in così gran dolore,

D'affanno, non si muore.

Qual pena ucciderà? *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO.

Corelli.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (RODELINDA.) *Handel.*

Dove sei, amato bene?
Vieni l'alma a consolar.
Son oppressa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te posso bear.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Wretched lovers, fate has past
This sad decree; no joy shall last,
Wretched lovers, quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run fright'ned to the shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

(TIME AND TRUTH.)

Handel.

Pleasure, my former ways resigning,
To Virtue's cause inclining,

Thee, Pleasure, now I leave:—
Lest when my spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor sickness comfort give.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.)

Handel.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is
given, and the government shall be upon his shoul-
der: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Coun-
sellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the
Prince of Peace.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

YOUR harps and cymbals sound
To great JEHOVAH's praise:
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing voices raise.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

O worse than death indeed ! lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames ;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.—

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care ;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Fall'n is the foe ; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
When warlike JUDAS wields his righteous sword.

CONCERTO. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

CHORUS.

Pergolesi.

Gloria in excelsis ; Deo gloria
Et in terra pax.
Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (*ÆTIUS.*) *Handel.*

Folle è Colui,
Che al tuo favor si fida
Instabile fortuna
Pur troppo o sorte infiba.

SONG.

Nasce al bosco in rozza cuna,
Un felice pastorello,
E con l' aure di fortuna,
Giunge i regni a dominar.
Presso al trono in regie fasce
Sventurato un altro nasce,
E fra l'ire della sorte,
Va gli armenti a pascolar.

Da Capo.

TRIO. Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr.
and CHORUS. (*JUDAS MACC.*) *Handel.*

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah ! all nations may know.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Non vi turbate, nò
Pietosi Dei!
Se a voi m' involero
Qualche momento.
Anche senza il rigor
De voti miei
Io morirò d'amor,
E di contento.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

'Tis well! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid;
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the
horns.

MARCH.

AIR and CHORUS.

Glory to God ! the strong cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls :
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the
ground.

Da Capo.

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. 3.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and CHORUS. } (Saul.) Handel.
How excellent.
SONG. Donzelle simplici. (Iphigenia.) Gluck.
CHORUS. Around let acclamations. (Athalia.) Handel.
SONG. Oft on a plat. (Il Pensieroso.) Handel.
CONCERTO 5th. Corelli.
SONG & CHORUS. Come, if. (King Arthur.) Purcell.
RECIT. Me, when the sun. } (Il Pensieroso.) Handel.
SONG. Hide me from day's. }
CHORUS. O God, who in thy. (Joseph.) Handel.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2nd. Grand. Handel.
RECIT. Great Queen. }
SONG. Gentle airs. } (Athalia.) Handel.
RECIT. Haste we. }
CHORUS. Hear us, O Lord. } (Fudas Macc.) Handel.
RECIT. If I give thee. }
SONG. Let me wander. } (L'Allegro.) Handel.
CHORUS. And young and old. } Voice Parts.
CONCERTO 1st. Op. 8. Martini.
RECIT. Berenice ove sei. }
SONG. Ombra che pallida. } (Lucio Vero.) Jomelli.
MADRIGAL. When Thoralis delights. Weelkes.
SONG. Lord, to thee. (Theodora.) Handel.
GRAND CHORUS. Hallelujah! (Messiah.) Handel.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord CREE DE WILTON

Concert of Ancient Music

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1700

ACT I

OVERTURE AND CHORUS
How doth the
SONG, DANCING
CHORUS, (Dancing
SONG, OF a
CONCERTO
SONG, CHORUS
RECEIVE
SONG, CHORUS
CHORUS, OGD

ACT II

CONCERTO
RECEIVE
SONG, CHORUS
RECEIVE
CHORUS, (Dancing
RECEIVE
SONG, CHORUS
CHORUS, and young
CONCERTO
RECEIVE
SONG, CHORUS
MAJESTIC
SONG, Lord to the
GRAND CHORUS, (Dancing)

ACT I.

OVERTURE, (SAUL.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

TRIO-CHORUS.

Along the monster Atheist strode,
With more than human pride ;
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength, defy'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord !
With ease the boaster slew ;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord !
In all the world is known !
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne !

HALLELUJAH.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (IPHIGENIA.) *Gluck.*

Donzelle semplici, no, non credete

A quelle lagrime che voi vedrete

Su gli occhi spargersi del traditor :

Più che son flebili i suoi sospiri ;

Più par che s'agiti, e che deliri,

Meno quel perfido commosso ha il cor.

Ah ! per defendervi contro quell' Empio.

Donzelle semplici, vi sian d'esempio

E le mie smanie, e il mio rossor.

CHORUS.

(ATHALIA.)

Handel.

Around let acclamations ring,

Hail, royal youth ! long live the King !

SOLO.

Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Reviving JUDAH shall no more

Detested images adore ;

We'll purge, with a reforming hand,

Idolatry from out the land :

May God, from whom all mercies spring,

Bless the true Church, and save the King !

GRAND CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King !

B

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (IL PENSIEROSO.) *Handel.*

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound ;
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

CONCERTO 5th.

Corelli.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

(KING ARTHUR.)

Purcell.

Come, if you dare,
Our trumpets sound :
Come, if you dare,
The foes rebound.
We come, we come,
Says the double beat
Of the thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain :
Now they rally again ;
The gods from above
The mad labour behold ;
And pity mankind
That will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons
Quit their ground :
Their trumpets languish
In the sound.
They fly ! they fly !
 Victoria !
The bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run ;
Then return to our lasses,
Like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils
Of the vanquish'd invaders.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

(IL PENSIEROSO.)

Handel.

Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves :
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

SONG.

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honey'd thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
Then, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath ;
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

CHORUS.

(JOSEPH.)

Handel.

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob and his land
Beneath the shadow of thy wings!
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2nd. Grand. *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

GREAT Queen, be calm;—these fears I deem
The birth of a delusive dream !
Let HARMONY breathe soft around,
For sadness ceases at the sound.

SONG.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe:—
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly soothe her as you flow. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JUD. MAC.) *Handel.*

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the LORD, our strength and shield !

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord ! on thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall !

RECIT. Master ELLIOTT. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green ;
Where the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe ;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or, let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep.

CONCERTO 1st. Op. 8.

Martini.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (LUCIO VERO.)

Jomelli.

Berenice, ove sei?
Qual lugubre apparato
Di Spavento, e di lutto!
Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
Reggio dolente e fiera!
Forse quì di Tieste
Si rinovan le Cene? o langue il giorno
Fuggitivo così, perche tra queste
Soglie funeste, oh Dio!
Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio?
Ahimè! sogno o son desta?
Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
Del moribondo Sposo!—ahi son pur questi
Gemiti di chi langue
Singulti di chi spira—E quell' oscura
Caligine profonda,
De là s'inalza, e mostra
Non so qual simulacro a gli occhi miei—
Quella—si quella—oh Dei già la ravviso,
E del mio Volageso
L'ombra mesta e dolente:
Ah barbaro Tiranno!
Il mio sposo uccidesti
Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai qui soggiorno ;
Larva che squallida
Mi gira intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me ?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no, pace non v'è.

MADRIGAL, (6 Voices.) Mrs. HARRISON,
Master ELLIOTT, Mr. Wm. KNYVETT,
Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD,
and Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Weelkes*, 1600.

When THORALIS delights to walk,
The Fairies do attend her ;
They sweetly sing, and sweetly talk,
And sweetly do commend her.
The Satyrs leap and dance around,
And make their congees to the ground ;
And evermore their song is this,
Long mayst thou live, fair THORALIS !

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

Lord, to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we sing and pray;
Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we sing and pray. *Da Capo.*

GRAND CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom
of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign
for ever and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	— —	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	— —	13th	ditto.
—	6,	— —	3d	of April.
—	7,	— —	10th	ditto.
—	8,	— —	17th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	24th	ditto.
—	10,	— —	1st	of May.
—	11,	— —	8th	ditto.
—	12,	— —	15th	ditto.

The Secretary has respectfully informed that the

following are the names of which the Council will

be composed for the year 1881.

1. Mr. J. H. ...

2. Mr. J. H. ...

3. Mr. J. H. ...

4. Mr. J. H. ...

5. Mr. J. H. ...

6. Mr. J. H. ...

7. Mr. J. H. ...

8. Mr. J. H. ...

9. Mr. J. H. ...

10. Mr. J. H. ...

11. Mr. J. H. ...

12. Mr. J. H. ...

13. Mr. J. H. ...

14. Mr. J. H. ...

15. Mr. J. H. ...

16. Mr. J. H. ...

17. Mr. J. H. ...

18. Mr. J. H. ...

19. Mr. J. H. ...

20. Mr. J. H. ...

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD.**

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Occasional Oratorio.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Thus far our cause.
RECIT. accomp. O thou bright orb. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Behold the list'ning.
RECIT. The mighty Master } (*Alexander's Feast.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Softly sweet.
CHORUS. By slow degrees. (*Belshazzar.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Odi grand' ombra. *De Maio.*
CONCERTO 8th. *Corelli.*
SONG. Rasserena il mesto. *Gluck.*
CHORUS. The Lord shall reign. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.
RECIT. accomp. Frondi tenere. } (*Xerxes.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Ombra mai fù.
CHORUS. He sent a thick. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*
MADRIGAL. Dissi all' amata. *Luca Marenzio.*
CONCERTO 2nd. Oboe. *Handel.*
PORTUGUEZE HYMN. Adeste fideles.
SONG. O Lord, have mercy upon me. *Pergolesi.*
DUET & CHORUS. Caro. Bella. (*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. accomp. Jehovah crown'd. } (*Esther.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. He comes.

THE END OF CHESTERFIELD

Count of Montfort's Journal

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1890

ACT I

OVERTHROW
RECEIVE, then on our march
RECEIVE, according to our high order
CHORUS, the whole of the
RECEIVE, the whole of the
SONG, the whole of the
CHORUS, the whole of the
SONG, the whole of the
CONCERTO, the whole of the
SONG, the whole of the
CHORUS, the whole of the

ACT II

OVERTHROW
RECEIVE, according to our high order
SONG, the whole of the
CHORUS, the whole of the
MADRIGAL, the whole of the
CONCERTO, the whole of the
PORTUGUESE HYMN, the whole of the
SONG, the whole of the
RECEIVE, according to our high order
CHORUS, the whole of the

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

THUS far our cause is favour'd by the Lord:
Advance, pursue—Jehovah is the word.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. NIELD.

O thou bright Orb, great ruler of the day!
Stop thy swift course, and over Gibeon stay;
And oh! thou milder lamp of light, the Moon,
Stand still, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

CHORUS.

Behold the list'ning Sun the voice obeys,
And in mid heaven his rapid motion stays!
Before our arms the scatter'd nations fly;
Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.

RECIT. Master ELLIOTT.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.)

Handel.

The mighty Master smil'd to see,
That LOVE was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For PITY melts the mind to LOVE.

SONG.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

CHORUS.

(BELSHAZZAR.)

Handel.

By slow degrees the wrath of God to its meridian
height ascends;
There mercy long the dreadful bolt suspends,
Ere it offending man annoy:
Long patient, for repentance waits; reluctant to de-
stroy.
At length the wretch, obdurate grown,
Infatuated, makes the ruin all his own;
And ev'ry step he takes, on his devoted head
Precipitates the thunder down.

SONG.

Mr. NIELD.

De Maio.

Odi grand' ombra, e placati,
Qual flebile concento,
Fan d'Alessandro i gemiti,
Al pubblico lamento
Che mai non può mentir!
Oimè! che a tante lagrime,
Ai doni, alle preghiere,
Sorde sù gli aspri cardini,
D'aide le porte nere,
Più non si sanno aprir!

CONCERTO 8th.

Corelli.

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

Gluck.

Rasserena il mesto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fausta sorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

B

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of PHARAOH went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea. And the LORD brought again the waters of the sea upon them : but the children of ISRAEL went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And MIRIAM the prophetess, the sister of AARON, took a timbrel in her hand : and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances : and MIRIAM answered them,

(7)

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed
gloriously :

The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the
sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed
gloriously :

The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the
sea.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (XERXES.) *Handel.*

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

FRONDI tenere e belle
Dell mio platano amato,
Per voi resplenda il fato:
Tuoni, Lampi, e Procelle
Non v'oltraggino mai
La cara pace,
Ne giunga a profanarvi
Austro rapace.

SONG.

Ombra mai fù
De vegetabile
Cara ad amabile
Soave più.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even
darkness which might be felt.

He smote all the first-born of Egypt: the chief of
all their strength.

But as for his people: he led them forth like sheep:

He brought them out with silver and gold: there
was not one feeble person among their tribes.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Luca Marenzio.

Dissi all' amata mia
Lucida stella
Che più d'ogn' altra luce
Ed al mio cor adduce
Fiamme, strali e catene,
Ch' ogn' hor mi danno pene;
Deh! morirò cor mio?
Sì, morirai,
Ma non per mio desio.

CONCERTO 2nd.

(OBOE.)

Handel.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes
Venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte regem angelorum ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine
Gestant puellæ viscera :
Deum verum, genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni, verbum caro factum ;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium ;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Pergolesi.*

O Lord ! have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble ; my strength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord ! I have said, Thou art my God.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master ELLIOTT.
(JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

Cleo. } *Caro.*
Ces. } *Bella.*

Più amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me } Non splenderà
In te } Ne amor ne fedeltà.

Da te }
Da me } Disciolto. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

Ritorni ormi del nostro core
La bella gioia ed' il piacer.
Sgombrato è il sen d'ogni dolore
Ciascun ritorni ora a goder.

DUET.

Un bel contento il sen già si prepara
Se tu sarai costante ogn'or per me,
Così sortì dal cor la doglia amara
E sol vi resta amor, costanza, e fè.

Da Capo.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

(ESTHER.)

Handel.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light ;
Whose ministers are flames of fire ;
Arise, and execute thine ire !

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes, to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod,
JACOB, arise ! and meet thy God.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	—	—	20th ditto.
—	3,	Friday,	- -	1st of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	—	—	13th ditto.
—	6,	—	—	3d of April.
—	7,	—	—	10th ditto.
—	8,	—	—	17th ditto.
—	9,	—	—	24th ditto.
—	10,	—	—	1st of May.
—	11,	—	—	8th ditto.
—	12,	—	—	15th ditto.

(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. This day a solemn. } (Samson.) Handel.

CHORUS. Awake, the trumpet. }

SONG. Where e'er you walk. (Semele.) Handel.

CHORUS. He rebuked. (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.

RECIT. To Heav'n's almighty. } (Judas Macc.) Handel.

SONG. O Liberty! thou. }

CONCERTO Geminiani Corelli.

SONG. In sweetest harmony. } (Saul.) Handel.

CHORUS. O fatal day. }

RECIT. Nel chiuso. } (Cantata.) Pergolesi.

SONG. Euridice, e dove sei. }

CHORUS. Immortal Lord. (Deborah.) Handel.

ACT II.

CONCERTO Martini.

SONG. Rendi il sereno. (Sosarmes.) Handel.

CHORUS. Cherub and Seraphim. (Jephthah.) Handel.

MADRIGAL. Let me careless. Linley.

CONCERTO 1st. (From his Solos.) Geminiani.

VERSE and CHORUS. All people.

TRIO. The flocks shall leave. (Acis & Galatea.) Handel.

RECIT. Be comforted. } (Judas Macc.) Handel.

SONG. The Lord worketh. }

CHORUS. Gloria Patri. (Jubilate.) Handel.

THE EAST OF UXBIDGE
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Committee of Anti-Corn Law

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1831

ACT I

OVERTURE
RECIT. This day a solemn
CHORUS. Awake, the trumpet
SONG. Where'er you walk
CHORUS. He is the
RECIT. To Heaven's abode
SONG. O Liberty, thou
CONCERTO
SONG. In sweetest harmony
CHORUS. O fatal day
RECIT. Not a word
SONG. Justice, whose soul
CHORUS. Immortal soul

ACT II

CONCERTO
SONG. Hail, hail, serena
CHORUS. Chorus of serena
MADRIGAL. A new canon
CONCERTO. (The old canon)
VERSE and CHORUS. All people
TRIO. The rocks shall leave
RECIT. Be comforted
SONG. The land we love
CHORUS. Gloria Patri

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(SAMSON.)

Handel.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON, (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

THIS day, a solemn feast to DAGON held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil :
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest; to breathe heav'n's air, fresh-blowing, pure,
And sweet.—

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When DAGON, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

Where e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade;
Where e'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where e'er you turn your eyes:

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up.
He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness.
But the waters overwhelmed their enemies; there
was not one of them left.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

+ To Heav'n's almighty King we kneel
For blessings on this exemplary zeal.
Bless him, Jehovah, and once more
To thy own Israel Liberty restore.

SONG.

+ O Liberty! thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure!
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

CONCERTO.

Geminiani Corelli.

B

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But, him defending, bravely died:
A loss too great to be surviv'd!
For Saul, ye maids of Israel, moan,
To whose indulgent care
You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has
shone.

CHORUS.

Oh, fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die,
For thy King and people slain!

SOLO. Mrs. HARRISON.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress!
What language can my grief express?
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than woman's love thy wondrous love to
me.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping head?

RECIT. Madame BANTI. *Pergolesi.*

Nel chiuso centro, ove ogni luce assonna,
 Allor che pianse in compagnia
 D'Amore, della smarrita donna
 Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,
 Giunse di tracia il Vate.
 Al suo dolore qui sciolse il freno,
 A rintracciar pietate:
 E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti,
 All' alme sventurate,
 Sulla cetra narrando i suoi tormenti,
 Temprò la pena, e debellò lo sdegno.
 Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

SONG.

Euridice! e dove sei!
 Chi m'ascolta? chi m'addita?
 Dov' è 'il sol degl' occhi miei?
 Chi farà che torni in vita;
 Chi al mio cor la renderà?

CHORUS.

(DEBORAH.)

Handel.

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,
Whose wonders all around us rise;
Whose anger, when it awful glows,
To swift perdition dooms thy foes:

O grant a leader to our host,
Whose name with honour we may boast;
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
And break our proud oppressor's chain!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Handel.

(DITORAL)

CHORUS.

ACT II.

CONCERTO

Martini.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (SOSARMES.) *Handel.*

f

RENDI il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d'alcun periglio,
Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Cherub and seraphim, unbodied forms,
The messenger of fate,
His dread command await;
Of swifter flight and subtler frame
Than lightning's winged flame,
They ride on whirlwinds directing the storms.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON,
Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, BARTLEMAN,
and SALE.

T. Linley.

Let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute;
And the more tuneful birds replying,
Till my DELIA with her heav'nly song
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing
among.

CONCERTO 1st. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

VERSE and CHORUS.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear; his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why?—the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Acis & Galat. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polyphemè. Torture, fury, rage, despair!
I cannot, cannot bear;
Fly, thou massy ruin, fly,
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(JUDAS MACC.)

Handel.

Be comforted;—nor think these plagues are
sent

For your destruction, but for chastisement.
Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin.—Turn to God,
And draw a blessing from his iron rod.

SONG.

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise;
As still as he thunders
Is fearful in praise.

CHORUS.

(JUBILATE.)

Handel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	— —	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	— —	13th	ditto.
—	6,	— —	3d	of April.
—	7,	— —	10th	ditto.
—	8,	— —	17th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	24th	ditto.
—	10,	— —	1st	of May.
—	11,	— —	8th	ditto.
—	12,	— —	15th	ditto.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(JUDAS MACC.)

Handel.

Be comforted;—nor think these plagues are
sent

For your destruction, but for chastisement.
Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin
May feel its own demerits from within,
And urge not utter ruin.—Turn to God,
And draw a blessing from his iron rod.

SONG.

The Lord worketh wonders
His glory to raise;
As still as he thunders
Is fearful in praise.

CHORUS.

(JUBILATE.)

Handel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.	
—	2,	— —	20th	ditto.	
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.	
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.	
—	5,	— —	13th	ditto.	
—	6,	— —	3d	of April.	
—	7,	— —	10th	ditto.	
—	8,	— —	17th	ditto.	
—	9,	— —	24th	ditto.	
—	10,	— —	1st	of May.	
—	11,	— —	8th	ditto.	
—	12,	— —	15th	ditto.	

The following are the days on which the Concerts will be performed this season:

Concert 1	Monday	18th of February
2	Tuesday	19th of February
3	Wednesday	20th of February
4	Thursday	21st of February
5	Friday	22nd of February
6	Saturday	23rd of February
7	Sunday	24th of February
8	Monday	25th of February
9	Tuesday	26th of February
10	Wednesday	27th of February
11	Thursday	28th of February
12	Friday	1st of March

11-7

h-s
h-s
1-0
3-0
1-0
2

36
8
28
12

24
12

3-6

11-7

36
12

(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. Behold the nations.

CHORUS. O Baal, monarch.

RECIT. No more, ye infidels.

CHORUS. Lord of Eternity.

SONG. Se pur cara.

CHORUS. The depths.

SONG. Non so d'onde.

CONCERTO 1st.

SONG. O magnify the Lord.

CHORUS. Gird on thy sword.

(Deborah.) *Handel.*

(Alceste.) *Gluck.*

(Israel in Egypt.) *Handel.*

Bach.

Corelli.

(Anthem.) *Handel.*

(Saul.) *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. Grand.

SONG. Se possono tanto.

RECIT. He was cut off.

SONG. But thou didst.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

RECIT. There were shepherds.

CHORUS. Glory to God.

CONCERTO 4th. Organ. Op. 4.

ODE. Blest pair of Syrens.

SONG. Tears such as tender.

CHORUS. Doleful tidings.

GRAND CHORUS. Worthy is the.

Handel.

S. Bach.

(Messiah.) *Handel.*

Handel.

S. Smith.

(Deborah.) *Handel.*

(Messiah.) *Handel.*

Wm. Gray & W. H. Wilson

Concert of British Music

Wednesday, April 2, 1851

ACT I.

OVERTURE

By the same

CHORUS. O God, be merciful

RECIT. Moments so precious

CHORUS. Lord of Hosts

SONG. "The Lord is my strength"

CHORUS. The Lord is my strength

SONG. "The Lord is my strength"

CHORUS. The Lord is my strength

SONG. "The Lord is my strength"

CHORUS. The Lord is my strength

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SONG. "The Lord is my strength"

CHORUS. The Lord is my strength

SONG. "The Lord is my strength"

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(DEBORAH.)

Handel.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

BEHOLD the nations all around,
What God like Baal is renown'd?
To him your stubborn tribes would bow;
Did but the slaves their duty know.

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise!
From thee the sun, immensely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:
By thee with stars the heavens glow,
The ocean swells, the rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flow'rs perfume the thicket's shade:
And 'tis by the event confess'd,
Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

RECIT. Mr. LEETE.

No more, ye infidels, no more !
False is the god whom ye adore ;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine
None but such wretches can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity ! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor ;
Look down, look down, from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known !
Plead the just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes !

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Se pur cara è a me la vita,
E per tè mio dolce amor ;
Ah per te mi sia rapita
E morrò felice allor.

T' amerò sino alla morte,
Fin colà fra l'ombre eterne,
D'una tenera consorte,
Trionfar vedrassi il cor.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The depths have cover'd them; they sank into the
bottom as a stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in
power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces
the enemy.

SONG.

Mr. NIELD.

Bach.

Non so d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto ;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi v`a
Sono a destarmi
Sì fieri contrasti,
Non parmi che basti
La sola piet`a.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 1st.

Corelli.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his
holy hill. For the Lord our God is holy.

CHORUS. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wonted fame ;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay ;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *S. Bach.*

SE possono tanto,
Due luci vezzose,
Son degne di pianto,
Le furie gelose,
D'un' alma infelice,
D'un povero cor.

RECIT. accomp. Master ELLIOTT. (MESSIAH.)
Handel.

He was cut off out of the land of the living: for
the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.

SONG.

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst
thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

There were shepherds, abiding in the field, keep-
ing watch over their flock by night.

RECIT. accompanied.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
and the glory of the Lord shone round about them,
and they were sore afraid:

RECIT.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people : for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECIT. accompanied.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth,
good will towards men.

CONCERTO 4th. Organ. Op. 4. *Handel.*

ODE for Five Voices, and CHORUS. Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT, Messrs. HARRISON, NIELD, and BARTLEMAN.

J. S. Smith.

Blest pair of Syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born, harmonious sisters! VOICE and VERSE!
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 As sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With faintly shout and solemn jubilee:
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly,
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din

Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason ; whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O! may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light !

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (DEBORAH.) *Handel.*

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend
For joy, to think, when I am dead,
My son shall have mankind his friend.

CHORUS.

Doleful tidings, how ye wound !
Despair and death are in that sound.

CHORUS.

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	— —	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	— —	13th	ditto.
—	6,	— —	3d	of April.
—	7,	— —	10th	ditto.
—	8,	— —	17th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	24th	ditto.
—	10,	— —	1st	of May.
—	11,	— —	8th	ditto.
—	12,	— —	15th	ditto.

The following are the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education, since the 1st of January, 1880.

1	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
2	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
3	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
4	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
5	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
6	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
7	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
8	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
9	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
10	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
11	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January
12	Mr. J. H. Smith	1st of January

(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD,**

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1799.

ACT I.

OPENING and CHORUS. } (*Dettingen Te Deum.*) *Handel.*
We praise thee.

SONG. For ever blessed. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Theme sublime.

ANTHEM. Hear my pray'r.

CONCERTO 2nd. (*from his Salos.*) *Geminiani.*

RECIT. The praise of Bacchus. } (*Alexander's* } *Handel.*
SONG. Bacchus ever fair. } (*Feast.*) }
CHORUS. Bacchus' blessing.

QUINTET and CHORUS. Doni pace. (*Flavius.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Let the bright seraphim. } (*Samsan.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Let their celestial.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (*Ptolomy.*) *Handel.*

TRIO and CHORUS. Qui pacem amatis. *Steffani.*

SONG. Hark, 'tis the linnet. (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. He gave them. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*

RECIT. accomp. Deeper and deeper. } (*Jephthah*) *Handel.*
SONG. Waft her angels.

CONCERTO 11th. Grand. *Handel.*

MADRIGAL. Amidst the myrtles. *Battishill.*

DUET. Here shall soft Charity. *Dr. Boyce.*

CHORUS. From the censer, (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

THE END OF CHRISTIANITY.

CONCERT OF ANTIEN MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1899.

ACT I.

CHORUS. (Sings.)
We praise thee,
SONG. (Sings.)
CHORUS. (Sings.)
ANTHEM. (Sings.)
CONCERTO. (Sings.)
RECT. (Sings.)
SONG. (Sings.)
CHORUS. (Sings.)
QUINTET AND CHORUS. (Sings.)
SONG. (Sings.)
CHORUS. (Sings.)

ACT II.

OVERTURE.
TRIO AND CHORUS. (Sings.)
SONG. (Sings.)
CHORUS. (Sings.)
RECT. (Sings.)
SONG. (Sings.)
CONCERTO. (Sings.)
MAKING. (Sings.)
DUET. (Sings.)
CHORUS. (Sings.)

ACT I.

OPENING and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.) *Handel.*

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee; the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud; the Heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy glory.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel,*
For ever blessed be thy holy name, Lord God of
Israel.

CHORUS.

Theme sublime, of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways,
And thy mercies still endure;
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ANTHEM.

Kent,

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master ELLIOTT.
Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from
my petition.

AIR.

Take heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn
in my prayer, and am vexed.

RECIT.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of
death is fallen upon me,

DUET and CHORUS.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then
would I flee away, and be at rest,

CONCERTO 2d. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani,*

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.)

Handel.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young ;
The jolly God in triumph comes.
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face ;
Now give the hautboys breath, he comes ! he comes !

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

B

QUINTETTO and CHORUS. (FLAVIUS) *Handel.*

Doni Pace ad ognì core
Quella gioia che sparì
E cessato or il dolore
Goda ogn' alma in questo dì. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud, up-lifted angel-trumpets blow :
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires :
Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Let their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

(PTOLOMY.)

Handel.

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Steffani.

QUI pacem amatis
Jam bella parate ;
Pugnando certando,
Quietem sperate.

AIR. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Nunquam erit in pace locus
O mortalis ! nisi mundo
Deviato inferno superato ;
Sparso nubiem horrore,
Longe turbinum terrore ;
Tunc ridebit solis fax.
Si potentis de bellati,
Cadent hostes profligati ;
Tunc regnabit alma pax.

AIR. Mr. HARRISON.

Pax est munus bellatoris ;
Contra hostes arma sonet
Fremet ira, tela tonent
Prodict pax sinu furoris.

CHORUS.

Qui pacem amatis
Jam bella parate ;
Pugnando, certando,
Quietem sperate.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

Hark ! 'tis the linnet, 'tis the thrush ;
In dulcet notes
They pour their throats,
And wake the morn on ev'ry bush :
From morn to eve they chaunt their love,
And fill with melody the grove. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He gave them hailstones for rain ; fire mingled
with the hail ran along upon the ground.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.)
Handel.

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh ! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling desarts :—for the ears of men
It is too shocking.—Yet, have I not vow'd,
And can I think the great JEHOVAH sleeps,
Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities ?—
Ah ! no :—Heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote
them down ;

It must be so!—'tis this that racks my brain,
 And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
 That lash me into madness.—

—————Horrid thought!
 My only daughter;—so dear a child,
 Doom'd by a father!—Yes—the vow is past,
 And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes;—
 Therefore—to morrow's dawn—I can no more.

SONG.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
 Far above yon azure plain;
 Glorious there, like you, to rise,
 There, like you, for ever reign. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 11th.

(GRAND.)

Handel.

MADRIGAL.

Battishill.

Amidst the myrtles as I walk,
Love and myself thus enter talk,
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess?
Says Love to me, thou foolish swain,
Thy search in myrtle groves is vain;
Examine well thy noblest part,
Thou'lt find her seated in thine heart.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Dr. Boyce.

Here shall soft Charity repair,
And break the bonds of grief;
Down the harrow'd couch of care,
Man to man must bring relief.

CHORUS. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies ;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy, Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's son ;
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the
 following are the Days on which the Concerts will
 be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	— —	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	— —	13th	ditto.
—	6,	— —	3d	of April.
—	7,	— —	10th	ditto.
—	8,	— —	17th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	24th	ditto.
—	10,	— —	1st	of May.
—	11,	— —	8th	ditto.
—	12,	— —	15th	ditto.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1800, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by CHESTERFIELD,
 UXBRIDGE,
 FITZWILLIAM,
 GREY DE WILTON.

April 10th, 1799.

(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of U X B R I D G E.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (*Scipio.*) *Handel.*
DUET. As steals the morn. (*Il Moderato.*) *Handel.*
QUARTET & CHORUS. Then round. (*Samson.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Non vi piaque. (*Siroe.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 10th. *Corelli.*
DUET. Happy we. } (*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Happy we. }
SONG. Chastity, thou cherub. (*Susanna.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Great is Jehovah. }
TRIO and CHORUS. And with songs. } *Marcello.*

ACT II.

FIRST MOVEMENT. (*Te Deum.*) *Graun.*
SONG. O come let us worship. (*Anthem.*) *Handel.*
QUARTET and CHORUS. Concinamus. *Reading.*
SONG. Lascia amor. (*Orlando.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. Grand. *Handel.*
SONG. If guiltless blood. (*Susanna.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Such Jephthah was. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. When his loud voice. }
MADRIGAL. Flora gave me fairest. *Wilbye.*
CHORUS. The mighty pow'r. }
RECIT. acc. Rejoice, O Judah. } (*Athalia.*) *Handel.*
GRAND CHORUS. Give glory. }

THE FAIR OF EXBRIDGE

Concert of Ancient Melodies

ACT I.

OVER-TURE AND MARCH
SONG. When the sun is shining
CHORUS. When the sun is shining
CONCERTO
SONG. When the sun is shining
CHORUS. When the sun is shining
TRIO and CHORUS. When the sun is shining

ACT II.

FIRST MOVEMENT
SONG. When the sun is shining
QUARTET and CHORUS
SONG. When the sun is shining
CONCERTO
SONG. When the sun is shining
CHORUS. When the sun is shining
MADRIGAL. When the sun is shining
CHORUS. When the sun is shining
RECIT. and CHORUS. When the sun is shining
GRAND CHORUS. When the sun is shining

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (SCIPIO.) *Handel.*

DUET. Mr. and Mrs. HARRISON. (IL MODERATO.)
Handel.

AS steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth doth fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

QUARTET and CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Then round about the starry throne
Of him who ever rules alone,
Your heav'nly-guided soul shall climb ;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd, for ever sit,
And triumph over death, and thee, O time.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SIROË.) *Handel.*

Non vi piacque, ingiusti Dei
Ch'io nascessi pastorella ;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un' agnella,
Che l' affetto d'un pàstor.

CONCERTO 10th. *Corelli.*

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Mr. NIELD.

(ACIS and GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Acis and Gal. Happy, happy, happy we,
Happy, happy, &c.

Gal. - - - What joys I feel, what charms I see!
Of all youths thou dearest boy!

Acis - - - Of all nymphs thou brightest fair!

Both - - - Thou all my bliss!
Thou all my joy!

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy we,
What joys I feel, what charms I see!

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (SUSANNA.)

Handel.

Chastity, thou cherub bright,
Gentle as the dawn of light,
Soft as Music's dying strain,
Teach the fair how vain is beauty
When she breaks the bounds of duty;
Vain are charms, and graces vain.

B

Da Capo.

(6)

CHORUS.

Marcello.

Great is Jehovah and highly to be praised.

TRIO. Mr. W. KNYVETT, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

And with songs I will celebrate the name of Jehovah most high.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

FIRST MOVEMENT. (TE DEUM.) *Graun.*

CHORUS.

TE Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur, Te
æternum Patrem, omnis terra, veneratur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et universæ potestates :
Tibi cherubim et seraphim incessabili voce procla-
mant.

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth :
Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloria tuæ.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

O come let us worship, and fall down, and kneel
before the LORD our Maker:

For HE is the Lord our God, and we are the
sheep of his pasture, and the people of his hand.

O come let us worship, and fall down, and kneel
before the LORD our Maker.

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON,
W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Reading.*

Concinamus! O sodales!

Eja! quid silemus!

Nobile canticum

Dulce melos, Domum

Dulce Domum resonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!

Dulce domum! resonemus.

SOLI.

Appropinquat ecce! felix

Hora gaudiorum

Post grave tedium

Advenit omnium

Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Ridet annus; prata rident
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena
Nosque domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Musa libros mitte fessa;
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ORLANDO.) *Handel.*

Lascia Amor, e siegui Marte
Và, combatti per la gloria
Sol oblio quel ti comparte.
Questo sol bella memoria.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 6th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SUSANNA.)
Handel.

If guiltless blood be your intent,
I here resign it all;
Fearless of death, as innocent,
I triumph in my fall:
And, if to fate my days must run,
Oh, righteous Heav'n! thy will be done!

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JEPHTHAH.)

Handel.

Such, Jephthah, was the haughty King's reply,
No terms but ruin : slavery or death.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Sound then the last alarm ;
And to the field, ye sons of Israel, with intrepid hearts :
Dependent on the might of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command :
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confined by that great power
That gave them strength to roar ;
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

MADRIGAL.

Wilbye.

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT, Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT and BARTLEMAN.

Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure :
These I plac'd in Phillis' bower ;
She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure.
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play.

CHORUS.

(ATHALIA.)

Handel.

The mighty pow'r in whom we trust,
Is ever to his promise just ;
He makes this sacred day appear
The pledge of a propitious year.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. SALE.

Rejoice, O Judah, this triumphant day
Let all the goodness of our God display;
Whose mercies to the wond'ring world declare,
His chosen people are his chosen care.

GRAND CHORUS.

Give glory to his awful name,
Let every voice his praise proclaim.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	— —	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	— —	13th	ditto.
—	6,	— —	3d	of April.
—	7,	— —	10th	ditto.
—	8,	— —	17th	ditto.
—	9,	— —	24th	ditto.
—	10,	— —	1st	of May.
—	11,	— —	8th	ditto.
—	12,	— —	15th	ditto.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1800, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by CHESTERFIELD,
 UXBRIDGE,
 FITZWILLIAM,
 GREY DE WILTON.

April 10th, 1799.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Session, to resume paying their Subscriptions to the Annual Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is thought necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall fail to send a Notice of their Intention not to subscribe to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to John Kavanagh, Esq. Secy. Genl. of the said Concert, before the 1st of January next, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

CHRISTIANFIELD,
 UXBRIDGE,
 THOMAS WILLIAM,
 GREY DE WILSON.

Printed 1855.

(No. 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (*Deidamia.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Let none despair. (*Hercules.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. O filial piety. }
SONG. No, no, cruel father. } (*Saul.*) *Handel.*
DUET. Prepare then. }
CHORUS. Bless the glad earth. } (*Semele.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. accomp. Somnus, awake. }
SONG. Leave me, loathsome. }
CONCERTO 12th. *Corelli.*
SONG. Se pur cara. (*Alceste.*) *Gluck.*
SONG. To God, our strength. } (*Occ. Oratorio.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Prepare the hymn. }

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2nd. Op. 8. *Martini.*
RECIT. O loss of sight! }
SONG. Total eclipse. } (*Samson.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. O first created. }
CANZONET. Haste, my Nannette. *Travers.*
CHORUS. Righteous Heav'n. (*Susanna.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Wise men flatt'ring. (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 9th. *Geminiani Corelli.*
RECIT. Ye sacred priests. }
SONG. Farewel, ye limpid. } (*Jephthah.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Fix'd in his everlasting. (*Samson.*) *Handel.*

THE GRAY & WILSON

Count of Minutes

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1900

ACT I

OVERTURE and MARCH
 CHORUS: Let none depart
 RECIT: O Ethel, pity
 SONG: No, no, can't I
 DUET: Prepare thee
 CHORUS: Bless the land
 RECIT: Recompense
 SONG: I leave the land
 CONCERTO: Lull
 SONG: O, the rain
 SONG: Hark, our
 CHORUS: Hark, the

ACT II

OVERTURE and O.S.
 RECIT: O, the rain
 SONG: Hark, the
 CHORUS: O, the rain
 RECIT: Hark, the
 CHORUS: Hark, the
 SONG: Hark, the
 CONCERTO: Lull
 RECIT: Ye sacred
 SONG: Hark, the
 CHORUS: Hark, the

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (DEIDAMIA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS, (HERCULES.) *Handel.*

LET none despair: relief may come, tho' late,
And heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

O filial piety ! O sacred friendship !
 How shall I reconcile you ?
 Cruel father, your just commands I always have
 obey'd ;
 But to destroy my friend ; the brave, the virtuous,
 the godlike David ;
 Israel's defender, and terror of her foes ;
 To disobey you, what shall I call it ?
 'Tis an act of duty to God ; to David ; nay, indeed
 to you.

SONG.

No, no, cruel father, no ;
 Your hard commands I can't obey ;
 Shall I, with sacrilegious blow,
 Take pious David's life away !
 No, no, with my life I must defend
 Against the world, my best, my dearest friend.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master ELLIOTT.

(SEMELE.)

Handel.

Prepare then, ye immortal choir !
Each sacred minstrel, tune your lyre,
And all in chorus join !

CHORUS.

Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise
That all appear divine.

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.

Somnus, awake ! raise thy reclining head ;
Thyself forsake, and lift thy heavy lids of lead.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Leave me, loathsome Light !
Receive me, silent Night !
Lethe, why does thy lingering current cease ?
O, murmur me again to sleep !

B

CONCERTO 12th.

Corelli.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Se pur cara è a me la vita,
E per te mio dolce amor;
Ah per te mi sia rapita!
E morirò felice allor.

T'amerò sino alla morte,
Fin colà fra l'ombre eterne,
D'una tenera consorte,
Trionfar vedrassi il cor,

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

To God, our strength, sing loud and clear ;
To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring ;
Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring ;
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

CHORUS.

Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring ;
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2d. Op. 8. *Martini.*

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

O LOSS of sight ! of thee I most complain !
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains !
My very soul in real darkness dwells.

SONG.

Total eclipse ! no sun, no moon !
All dark amidst the blaze of noon !
O glorious light ! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day !
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree ?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me !

CHORUS.

O first created beam, and thou great word !
Let there be light ! and light was over all ;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball !
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

CANZONET,

Mrs. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN, *Travers.*

Haste, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.

None but my sheep shall near us come;
Venus be prais'd, my sheep are dumb.

Great God of love, take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.

Guard thou the sheep to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.

But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid:
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf stroll, and the sheep stray.

CHORUS.

(SUSANNA.)

Handel.

Righteous Heaven beholds their guile,
And forbears his wrath awhile.
Yet his bolt shall quickly fly,
Darted through the flaming sky;
Tremble, guilt, for thou shalt find,
Wrath divine outstrips the wind.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Wise men, flatt'ring, may deceive you
With their vain mysterious art;
• Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart:
But true wisdom can relieve you,
Godlike wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove,

CONCERTO 9th.

Geminiani Corelli.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were
stain'd

With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of heaven with humble resignation I obey.

SONG.

Farewel, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods!
Farewel, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain!

Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
JEHOVAH rules the world in state,
Great DAGON rules the world in state,
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Remain in stedfast gaze.
Great DAGON is, of Gods, the first and last.
JEHOVAH is, of Gods, the first and last.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season:

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th	of February.
—	2,	—	20th	ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st	of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th	ditto.
—	5,	—	13th	ditto.
—	6,	—	3d	of April.
—	7,	—	10th	ditto.
—	8,	—	17th	ditto.
—	9,	—	24th	ditto.
—	10,	—	1st	of May.
—	11,	—	8th	ditto.
—	12,	—	15th	ditto.

(No. 10.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD.**

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Berenice.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SCENE in SAMSON.	The body comes.	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. Hence, loathed Melancholy!	} (<i>L'Allegro</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Mirth, admit me.		
TRIO and CHORUS.	For this God.	<i>Marcello.</i>
SONG. O beauteous Queen.	(<i>Esther.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3.		<i>Geminiani.</i>
CANTATA. Chi non ode.		<i>Pergolesi.</i>
THE PASSIONS.	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Ariadne.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. A morir.		<i>Di Majo.</i>
ANTHEM. O give thanks.		<i>Purcell.</i>
RECIT. acc. Hence, vain deluding.	} (<i>Il Pens.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. But O! sad virgin.		
QUINTETTO. Dominus a dextris.		<i>Leo.</i>
CONCERTO 4th. Oboe.		<i>Handel.</i>
ODE to MELANCHOLY. Hence, all ye vain.		<i>Webbe.</i>
RECIT. acc. Behold, I tell you.	} (<i>Messiah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. The trumpet shall sound.		
AIR and CHORUS.	} (<i>Dettingen Te Deum.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Lord, in thee.		

THE LANCET

Concert of Antiquarian Music

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1899

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION (Soprano)
SCENE IN SASSANON. The holy temple.
RIGHT: Hymn (Soprano & Chorus)
SONG: "Maid of the East"
TRIO: "The Holy Temple"
SONG: "O beauteous temple"
CONCERTO: "The Holy Temple"
CANTATA: "The Holy Temple"
THE PASSIONS (Soprano)

OVERTURE
SONG: "A Hymn"
ASTHEM: "O give thanks"
RIGHT: "The Holy Temple"
SONG: "The Holy Temple"
CONCERTO: "The Holy Temple"
ODE: "MELANCHOLY"
RIGHT: "The Holy Temple"
SONG: "The Holy Temple"
AIR and CHORUS: "The Holy Temple"

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(BERENICE.)

Handel.

SCENE in SAMSON.

Handel.

RECIT. Mr. W. KNYVETT.

THE body comes; we'll meet it on the way
With laurels ever green, and branching palm;
Then lay it in his monument, hung round
With all his trophies and great acts enroll'd
In verse heroic, or sweet lyric song.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

There shall all Israel's valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, whilst they sing his praise.

SONG.

Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have!
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose!

ISRAELITISH WOMAN. Mrs. HARRISON.

The virgins too shall on their festal days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, and there bewail
His loss unfortunate in nuptial choice.

CHORUS of YOUTHS.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

May every hero fall like thee,
Through sorrow to felicity!

CHORUS of YOUTHS.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

CHORUS.

Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have!
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose!

B

RECT. Master ELLIOTT. (L'ALLEGRO.)

Handel.

Hence, loathed Melancholy !
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But haste thee, Mirth, and bring with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free :
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night :
Then, to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and

Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Marcello.*

For this God is our God for ever and ever,
And he will be our guide ev'n unto death.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

O beauteous Queen, unclose those eyes,

My fairest shall not bleed :

Hear Love's soft voice that bids thee rise,

And bids thy suit succeed.

Ask, and 'tis granted ; from this hour,

Who shares our heart shall share our pow'r.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3.

Geminiani. ♪

CANTATA, Madame BANTI. *Pergolesi.*

Chi non ode, e chi non vede
Le mie voce, e il mio sembiante,
Non saprà d'un core amante
Quanta sia la fedeltà.
Mal comprende e non lo crede
Dove giunga il mio martire,
Chi non giunse anco a soffrire
Di costei la crudeltà.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

Ma dove io mi rivolgo ! ed'onde attendo ;
Benche scarso ristoro al mio martire,
Se la bella infedel, che m' innamora,
Per lei così mi strazia, e m' addolora.

ACCOMP.

Miseri affetto miei ! barbara sorte !
Tiranno amor ! se in crudelir ti piace,
Raddoppia i colpi, ad affrettar la morte ;
Ch'io privo di speranza temer non so,
Ma cerco con costanza
Da morte sol mia vera ultima pace.

AIR.

Cadrò contento
Dal duol oppresso
Se 'l duolo istesso,
Se 'l mio tormento
Se 'l tuo rigore
Cadrà con me.
Così di Nice
Quel core ingrato
Sarà placato
Godrà per me.

Da Capo.

THE PASSIONS.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

Sweep, sweep the strings, to soothe the royal fair,
And rouse each passion with th' alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Music, spread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a different measure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the sky;
Rouse us next to martial deeds,
Clanking arms and neighing steeds
Seem in fury to oppose—
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECIT. and CHORUS.

Then, at once, from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeless love;
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

(11)

RECIT.

Next the tortur'd soul release,
And the mind restore to peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (ARIADNE.)

Handel.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

Di Majo.

A Morir se mi condanna,
La tiranna ingrata sorte ;
Ah ! si cada almen da forte,
Senza un' ombra di viltà.

ANTHEM.

Purcell.

VERSE and CHORUS.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious;
and his mercy endureth for ever.

DUET.

Who can express the noble acts of the Lord; or
shew forth all his praise?

QUARTET.

Remember me, O Lord, according to the favour
that thou bearest unto thy people: O visit me with
thy salvation!

VERSE and CHORUS.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlast-
ing, and world without end! and let all the people
say, Amen.

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.

(IL PENSIEROSO.)

Handel,

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
O! let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

SONG.

But O! sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

QUINTETTO.

Leo.

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON,
Messrs. NIELD, W. KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ suæ
Regis: judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas,
Conquassabit capita in terrâ multorum; de torrente
In viâ bibet; propterea exaltabit caput.

CONCERTO 4th. Oboe. *Handel.*

ODE to MELANCHOLY, 6 Voices. *Webbe.*

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Mr. W. KNYVETT, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD,
and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Hence, all ye vain delights!
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!

There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy;
Oh! sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up—without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely hous'd--save bats and owls.

A midnight bell! a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon!

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,
Nothing so dainty sweet as MELANCHOLY!

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

Behold I tell you a mystery ; we shall not all sleep,
but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the ;
twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

SONG.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be
raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

SOLO. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.)

Handel.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted ; let me never be
confounded.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

GREAT Inconvenience having been experienced from the Number of Persons who have lately attended the Rehearsals, it is found necessary to enforce the following Order, viz.

That no Subscribers be admitted to the Rehearsals without Tickets, nor any Stranger without a particular Order from the Director of the Night.

Subscribers wishing to be present at the Rehearsals are desired to apply to Mr. BIRCHALL, No. 133, *New Bond Street*, for the proper Admission Tickets.

CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

April 30th, 1799.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, previous to the First of January, 1800, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by

CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

April 10th, 1799.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season:

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th of February,
—	2,	—	20th ditto.
—	3,	Friday,	1st of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th ditto.
—	5,	—	13th ditto.
—	6,	—	3d of April.
—	7,	—	10th ditto.
—	8,	—	17th ditto.
—	9,	—	24th ditto.
—	10,	—	1st of May.
—	11,	—	8th ditto.
—	12,	—	15th ditto.

(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (Atalanta.) Handel.
SONG. Tyrants would in. } (Athalia.) Handel.
CHORUS. Tyrants, ye in vain. }
SONG. Thou didst blow. (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.
CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis. Negri.
SONG. Fell rage and black despair. (Saul.) Handel.
CONCERTO (from Select Harmony.) Handel.
VERSE & CHORUS. O Lord, our governor. Marcello.
DUET. Saldi marmi. Steffani.
RECIT. acc. But bright Cecilia. } (Dryden's Ode.) Handel.
CHORUS. As from the pow'r. }

ACT II.

OVERTURE.
RECIT. acc. Comfort ye. } (Messiah.) Handel.
SONG. Every valley. }
CHORUS. And the glory. }
RECIT. acc. Ye twice ten. } (Indian Queen.) Purcell.
SONG. By the croaking. }
SCENE. Already see. (Saul.) Handel.
CONCERTO 6th. (from his Solos.) Geminiani.
MADRIGAL. Fair, sweet, cruel. Ford.
RECIT. Alma del gran. } (Julius Cæsar.) Handel.
SONG. Piangerò la sorte. }
ANTHEM. My heart is inditing. Handel.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

The Fall of Uxbridge

Concert of Ancient Music

By the University of Cambridge

ACT I

OVERTURE.
SONG. Tyrant's march.
CHORUS. Tyrant, ye in vain.
SONG. Thou shalt bow.
CHORUS. Chorus in exultation.
SONG. Hail to the King.
CONCERTO.
VERSE & CHORUS. O Lord our Governor.
DUET. Solo and Chorus.
RECITATIVE. But hark! Cecilia.
CHORUS. As from the bow.

ACT II

OVERTURE.
RECITATIVE. And the Chorus.
SONG. Every valley.
CHORUS. And the glory.
RECITATIVE. And the glory.
SONG. By the cross.
SCENE. Already seen.
CONCERTO 6th.
MADRIGAL. Fair sweet angel.
RECITATIVE. Alma del gran.
SONG. Pianto in son.
ANTHEM. My heart is inditing.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ATLANTA.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

TYRANTS would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorers' songs;
But shall Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

CHORUS.

Tyrants, ye in vain conspire;
Wake the lute, and strike the lyre.
Why should Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

SONG. Master ELLIOTT.

(ISRAEL IN EGYPT.)

Handel.

Thou didst blow with the wind,
The sea covered them ;
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

CHORUS.

Negri.

Gloria in excelsis ; Deo gloria.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

Fell Rage and black Despair possess
With horrid sway the monarch's breast ;
When David with celestial fire
Struck the sweet persuasive lyre :
Soft gliding down his ravish'd ears,
The healing sounds dispel his cares :
Despair and Rage at once are gone,
And Peace and Hope resume the throne.

CONCERTO (FROM SELECT HARMONY.) *Handel.*

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

Marcello.

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy name,
in all the world!

AIR. Mr. HARRISON.

I will consider thy heavens; even the work of thy
almighty hands: the moon and the stars which thou
hast ordained.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

What is a mortal, O JEHOVAH! that thou art mind-
ful of him? and the son of a mortal, that thou visitest
him?

O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy
name, in all the world!

B

DUET. Mr. HARRISON & Madame BANTI. *Steffani.*

Saldi marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda salma
Ch'ogni dì, più in mezz' all'alma
La mia fede stabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuovo desire
Opporre il vostro gelo
O pur morire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Così Fille dicea,
Del suo perduto bene;

Rivolta un giorno

Alle bellezze estinte.

Vissella di Fileno

Lunga stagione

In fortunati amori:

Ma già le bionde Ariste

Quattro volte divise

Avea dal suolo

Del curvo mietitor

La falce adunca;

Da ch' ei scendendo a morte

Tra solitarj ardor

Lasciolla in vita.

Non vantar mai tra tanto

Lacci un crin,

Risi un labro,

O strali un ciglio

Onde il suo cor fedele

O piagato, o invaghito,

O avvinto fosse.

Mostrolle al fine il caso

Ne' begl' occhi di Tirsi

Del amato Filen

Mille sembianze:

Onde fatta incapace

Di resister al bel

Ch' amò una volta;

Risoluta d' amare

Ancora un dì ;

Parlando a pensier suoi,

Disse così ;

DUET.

Incostanza! e che pretendi?

Amerò, sì, ch' amerò.

So ben io come si può

Cangiar amanti.

E non cangiar gl' incendi.

RECIT. accomp. Mrs. HARRISON.

(DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above:
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low: the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

C

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(INDIAN QUEEN.)

Purcell.

Ye twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice ;
Ye pow'rs that dwell with fate below,
And see what men are doom'd to do ;
Where elements in discord dwell ;
Thou, God of sleep, arise and tell,
Tell great Zempoalla what strange fate
Must on her dismal vision wait.

AIR.

By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that makes abode ;
Earthy dun that pants for breath,
With her swell'd sides full of death ;
By the crested adder's pride,
That along the cliffs doth glide ;
By thy visage fierce and black,
By the death's head on thy back ;
By the twisted serpents plac'd
For a girdle round thy waist ;
By the hearts of gold that deck
Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck ;
From thy sleeping mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes ;
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That us'd to lull thee in thy sleep.

SCENE FROM SAUL.
SINFONIA.

Handel.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

Michal. Already, see the daughters of the land
In joyful dance, with instruments of music,
Come to congratulate your victory.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, mighty king !
Welcome, all who conquest bring !
Welcome, DAVID ! warlike boy,
Author of our present joy !
SAUL, who hast thy thousands slain,
Welcome to thy friends again !
DAVID his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Saul. What do I hear?—am I then sunk so low
To have this upstart boy preferr'd before me ?

FULL CHORUS.

DAVID his ten thousands slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

CONCERTO 6th. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN.

Ford.

Fair, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?

Go not, oh! go not from thy dearest;
Tho' thou dost hasten, I am nigh thee,

When thou seemest far, then I am nearest;
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

Fie, fie, sweetest, here is no danger,
Fly not, oh! fly not, Love pursues thee;
I am no foe, nor hostile stranger,
Thy scorn with fresher hope renews me;
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

Alma del gran Pompeo,
 Che al cener suo d'intorno,
 Invisibil t'aggiri,
 Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
 Ombra la tua grandezza, e un' ombra sei!
 Così termina al fine il fasto umano;
 Jer, chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
 Oggi rivolto in polve un urna serra:
 Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso!
 Il principio è di terra, e il fine un sasso.
 Misera vita! e quanto è fral tuo state!
 Ti forma un soffio, e ti distrugge un fiato.

SONG.

Piangerò la sorte mia
 Sì crudele e tanto ria
 Finchè vita in petto avrò:
 Ma poi morta, d' ogni intorno
 Il tiranno e notte e giorno,
 Fatta spettro, agiterò.

Piangerò, &c.

Da Capo.

ANTHEM.

Handel.

My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of
the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable
women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in vesture
of gold; and the king shall have pleasure in thy
beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy
nursing mothers.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE AND BY COMMAND OF
THEIR MAJESTIES,

AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD, the Earl of UXBRIDGE,
Viscount Lord FITZWILLIAM, and Lord GREY DE WILTON.

A GRAND SELECTION OF

SACRED MUSIC,

FROM THE WORKS OF

HANDEL,

WILL BE PERFORMED IN THE

GREAT CONCERT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE,
Hay-Market,

On WEDNESDAY, MAY the 29th, 1799,

FOR THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS,

And their DISTRESSED FAMILIES.

N. B. The REHEARSAL will be on MONDAY, the 27th of MAY, at Twelve
o'Clock at Noon.

GREAT Inconvenience having been experienced from the Number of Persons who have lately attended the Rehearsals, it is found necessary to enforce the following Order, viz.

That no Subscribers be admitted to the Rehearsals without Tickets, nor any Stranger without a particular Order from the Director of the Night.

Subscribers wishing to be present at the Rehearsals are desired to apply to Mr. BIRCHALL, No. 133, *New Bond Street*, for the proper Admission Tickets.

CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON,

April 30th, 1799.

E

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January*, 1800, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by

CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

April 10th, 1799.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season:

Concert	1,	Wednesday,	13th of February.
—	2,	— —	20th ditto.
—	3,	Friday, - -	1st of March.
—	4,	Wednesday,	6th ditto.
—	5,	— —	13th ditto.
—	6,	— —	3d of April.
—	7,	— —	10th ditto.
—	8,	— —	17th ditto.
—	9,	— —	24th ditto.
—	10,	— —	1st of May.
—	11,	— —	8th ditto.
—	12,	— —	15th ditto.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season:

Concert 1.	Wednesday	18th of February
2.	—	—
3.	Friday	1st of March
4.	Wednesday	15th
5.	—	—
6.	—	—
7.	—	—
8.	—	—
9.	—	—
10.	—	—
11.	—	—
12.	—	—

(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1799.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. 'Tis Dioclesian's natal day. } (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Go, my faithful soldier.

CHORUS. And draw a blessing. }

SONG. La dolce compagna. *De Majo.*

CHORUS. See from his post. (*Belshazzar.*) *Handel.*

CONCERTO 2nd. *Corelli.*

DUET and CHORUS. } (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*

O never bow we down.

SONG. Vo solcando. *Vinci.*

RECIT. acc. Jehovah crown'd. } (*Esther.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. He comes.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8. *Martini.*

SONG. He shall feed his flock. (*Messiah.*) *Handel.*

SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE. *Purcell.*

SONG. Every day will I give. (*Anthem.*) *Handel.*

CONCERTO 10th. *Geminiani Corelli.*

RECIT. acc. Thus saith the. } (*Belshazzar.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Sing, O ye heav'ns.

MADRIGAL. Return, my lovely maid. *Dr. Hutchison.*

SONG. What passion cannot. (*Dryden's Ode.*) *Handel.*

ANTHEM. The king shall rejoice. *Handel.*

Lord GREY DE WILTON

Count of Ancient Athens

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1790

ACT I.

OVERTURE

RECIT. The Dictator's name day.
SONG. Go, my faithful soldier.
CHORUS. And draw a blessing
SONG. In choice company.
CHORUS. See from his post (Babazant)
CONCERTO and
DUET and CHORUS. (Vocal Music)
O never bow we down.
SONG. Vo solando.
RECIT. acc. Jehovah's crown
CHORUS. He comes.

ACT II.

OVERTURE Op. 8.
SONG. He shall feed his flock (Mentel)
SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE.
SONG. Every day will give (Antonia)
CONCERTO and
RECIT. acc. Thus said the
CHORUS. Sing, O ye heroes.
MADRIGAL. Return, my lovely maid, Dr. Hutchinson
SONG. What passion cannot (Dyde's Ode)
ANTHEM. The king shall rejoice.

RECIT. M. MARTINIAN. (THEODORA.) Handel.

'Tis Dioclesian's natal day! —
Proclaim throughout the lands of Antioch
A feast, and solemn sacrifice to Jove!
Whose, destined to the sacred rites
Shall feel our wrath in chastisement, or death.
And this, *Martianus*, take you in charge!

OVERTURE.

(THEODORA.)

Handel.

CHORUS.

And draw a blessing down
On his imperial crown,
Who rules the world below.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

'TIS Dioclesian's natal day!—
Proclaim throughout the lands of Antioch
A feast, and solemn sacrifice to Jove!
Whoso' disdains to join the sacred rites
Shall feel our wrath in chastisement, or death.
And this, SEPTIMIUS, take you in charge!

SONG.

Go, my faithful soldier, go;
Let the fragrant incense rise
To Jove, great ruler of the skies!

CHORUS.

And draw a blessing down
On his imperial crown,
Who rules the world below.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *De Majo.*

La dolce compagna
Vedersi rapire,
Udir che si lagna
Condotta à morire,
Son smanie, son pene
Che opprimono un cor.
Se ardire, e costanza
Dal ciel non mi viene;
Mi manca costanza
Per tanto dolor. *Da Capo.*

B

CHORUS. (BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

See from his post EUPHRATES flies,
The stream withdraws its guardian wave,
Fenceless the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
Thy charge to hostile arms a prey?
Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
Prepare the fierce invaders' way,
And, like false man, thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

EUPHRATES hath his task fulfill'd,
But to divine decree must yield,
While BABEL, queen of cities, reign'd,
Her flood, her guardian, was ordain'd,

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, like false man,
Thy trust betray?

(7)

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now to superior pow'r give place,
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
Falsehood is found in man alone.

CONCERTO 2nd.

Corelli.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master ELLIOTT.

(JUDAS MACC.)

Handel.

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone;
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone — }
We worship God, and God alone.

3-

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

Vinci.

Vo solcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza sarte ;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguitar,
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandonato :
Meco è sola l'Innocenza
Che mi porta a naufragar.

Da Capo.

RECIT. acc. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

JEHOVAH, crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light;
Whose ministers are flames of fire;
Arise, and execute thine ire!

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes, to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod,
JACOB, arise, and meet thy God !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 5th. Op. 8. *Martini,*

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

HE shall feed his flock like a shepherd; and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest.

Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE. *Purcell.*

The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON;
Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

Hark! my Daridcar! hark! we're call'd below;
Let us go to relieve the care
Of longing lovers in despair:
Merry we sail from the east,
Half tippled at the rainbow feast;
In the bright moonshine, whilst the winds whistle
loud,
Tivy, tivy, we mount, we fly, all racking along in a
downy white cloud;
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We'll slide on the back of a new falling star.
But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head;
They muster like gnats in the air:
Alas! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light horsemen repair.
Oh! stay, for you need not to fear 'em to-night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight,
And o'er the wide ocean we fight.
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
And hiss in the water and drown.

But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,
And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud.
All mortals that spy
How we tilt in the sky
With wonder will gaze,
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.
Stay you to perform what the fates would have done.
Then call me again when the battle is won.

QUARTET and CHORUS.

So ready and quick is a spirit of air
To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
That silent and swift the little soft god
Is here with a wish, and gone with a nod.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

Every day will I give thanks unto thee, and praise
thy name for ever and ever.

CONCERTO. 10th.

Geminiani Corelli.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(BELSHAZZAR.)

Handel.

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue
Nations before him: I will go before thee,
To loose the strong-knit loins of mighty kings,
Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder
The bars of iron. For my servant's sake,
Israel my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
I have surnamed thee: I have girded thee:
That from the rising to the setting sun
The nations may confess I am the Lord,
There is none else, there is no God besides me.
Thou shalt perform my pleasure to Jerusalem,
Saying, "Thou shalt be built;" and to the Temple,
"Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it:
Earth, from thy centre shout:
Break forth, ye mountains, into songs of joy:
O forest, and each tree therein:
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himself in Israel.

Hallelujah. Amen.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON,
W. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Dr. Hutchison.*

Return, return, my lovely maid;
For summer's pleasures pass away,
The trees' green liv'ries 'gin to fade,
And Flora's treasures all decay.
No more at ey'ntide walleth sweet
Sad Philomel the woods among;
Nor lark the rising morn doth greet:
Return, my love, thou stay'st too long.

D

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.)

Handel.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the corded shell

His list'ning brethren stood around,

And, wond'ring, on their faces fell

To worship the celestial sound :

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

ANTHEM.

Handel.

The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord ;
exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Glory, and great worship hast thou laid upon him ;
thou hast prevented him with the blessings of good-
ness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his
head.

HALLELUJAH!

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.

